ſciences tell us that they are incited not by the hopes of reforming faults, but the deſire of ſhewing our diſcernment, or gratifying our own pride by the mortification of another. It is not indeed certain that the moſt refined caution will find a proper time, for bringing a man to the knowledge of his own failings, or the moſt zealous benevolence reconcile him to that judgment, by which they are detected; but he who endeavours only the happineſs of him whom he reproves, will always have either the ſatisfaction of obtaining or deſerving kindneſs; if he ſucceeds, he benefits his friend, and if he fails, he has at leaſt the conſciouſneſs that he ſuffers for only doing well.

NUMB. 41. TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 7, 1750.

Nulla recordanti lux eſt ingrata graviſque,
Nulla fuit cujus non meminiſſe velit.
Ampliat ætatis ſpatium ſibi vir bonus, hoc eſt
Vivere bis, vitâ poſſe priore frui.

MART.

SO few of the hours of life are filled up with objects adequate to the mind of man, and ſo frequently are we in want of pre-

ſent pleaſure or employment, that we are forced to have recourſe every moment to the paſt and future for ſupplemental ſatisfactions, and relieve the vacuities of our being, by recollection of former paſſages, or anticipation of events to come.

I cannot but conſider this neceſſity of ſearching on every ſide for matter on which the attention may be employed, as a ſtrong proof of the ſuperior and celeſtial nature of the ſoul of man. We have no reaſon to believe that other creatures have higher faculties, or more extenſive capacities, than the preſervation of themſelves, or of their ſpecies, requires; they ſeem always to be fully employed, or to be completely at eaſe without employment, to feel few intellectual miſeries or pleaſures, and to have no exuberance of underſtanding to lay out upon curioſity or caprice, but to have their minds exactly adapted to their bodies, with few other ideas than ſuch as corporal pain or pleaſure impreſs upon them.

Of memory, which makes ſo large a part of the excellence of the human ſoul, and which has ſo much influence upon all its other powers

powers, but a ſmall portion has been allotted to the animal world. We do not find the grief, with which the dams lament the loſs of their young, proportionate to the tenderneſs with which they careſs, the aſſiduity with which they feed, or the vehemence with which they defend them. Their regard for their offspring, when it is before their eyes, is not, in appearance, leſs than that of a human parent; but when it is taken away, it is very ſoon forgotten, and, after a ſhort abſence, if brought again, wholly diſregarded.

THAT they have very little remembrance of any thing once out of the reach of their ſenſes, and ſcarce any power of comparing the preſent with the paſt, and regulating their concluſions from experience, may be gathered from this, that their intellects are produced in their full perfection. The ſparrow that was hatched laſt ſpring makes her firſt neſt the enſuing ſeaſon, of the ſame materials, and with the ſame art, as in any following year; and the hen conducts and ſhelters her firſt brood of chickens with all the prudence that ſhe ever attains.

IT has been aſked by men who love to per-

plex any thing that is plain to common underſtandings, how reaſon differs from inſtinct; and Prior has with no great propriety made Solomon himſelf declare, that, to diſtinguiſh them is *the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride.* To give an accurate anſwer to a queſtion, of which the terms are not compleatly underſtood, is impoſſible; we do not know in what either reaſon or inſtinct conſiſt, and therefore cannot tell with exactneſs how they differ; but ſurely he that contemplates a ſhip and a bird's neſt, will not be long without finding out, that the idea of the one was impreſſed at once, and continued through all the progreſſive deſcents of the ſpecies, without variation or improvement; and that the other is the reſult of experiments compared with experiments, has grown, by accumulated obſervations, from leſs to greater excellence, and exhibits the collective knowledge of different ages, and various profeſſions.

MEMORY is the purveyor of reaſon, the power which places thoſe images before the mind upon which the judgment is to be exerciſed, and which treaſures up the determinations that are once paſſed, as the rules of future action, or grounds of ſubſequent concluſions.

It is, indeed, the faculty of remembrance, which may be ſaid to place us in the claſs of moral agents. If we were to act only in conſequence of ſome immediate impulſe, and receive no direction from internal motives of choice, we ſhould be puſhed forward by an invincible fatality, without power or reaſon for the moſt part to prefer one thing to another, becauſe we could make no compariſon but of objects which might both happen to be preſent.

We owe to memory not only the increaſe of our knowledge, and our progreſs in rational enquiries, but many other intellectual pleaſures. Indeed, almoſt all that we can be ſaid to enjoy is paſt or future; the preſent is in perpetual motion, leaves us as ſoon as it arrives, ceaſes to be preſent before its preſence is well perceived, and is only known to have exiſted by the effects which it leaves behind. The greateſt part of our ideas ariſes, therefore, from the view before or behind us, and we are happy or miſerable, according as we are affected by the ſurvey of our life, or our proſpect of future exiſtence.

With regard to futurity, when events are at ſuch a diſtance from us, that we cannot take the whole concatenation into our view, we have generally power enough over our imagination to turn it upon pleaſing ſcenes, and can promiſe ourſelves riches, honours, and delights, without intermingling thoſe vexations and anxieties, with which all human enjoyments are polluted. If fear breaks in on one ſide, and alarms us with dangers and diſappointments, we can call in hope on the other, to ſolace us with rewards, and eſcapes, and victories; ſo that we are ſeldom without means of palliating remote evils, and can generally ſooth ourſelves to tranquillity, whenever any troubleſome preſage happens to attack us.

It is therefore, I believe, much more common for the ſolitary and thoughtful, to amuſe themſelves with ſchemes of the future, than reviews of the paſt. For the future is pliant and ductile, and will be eaſily moulded by a ſtrong fancy into any form. But the images which memory preſents are of a ſtubborn and untractable nature, the objects of remembrance have already exiſted, and left their ſignature

nature behind them impreſſed upon the mind, ſo as to defy all attempts of raſure, or of change.

As the ſatisfactions, therefore, ariſing from memory are leſs arbitrary, they are more ſolid, and are, indeed, the only joys which we can call our own. Whatever we have once repoſited, as Dryden expreſſes it, *in the ſacred treaſure of the paſt*, is out of the reach of accident, or violence, nor can be loſt either by our own weakneſs, or another's malice:

———Non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retro eſt efficiet, neque
Diffinget, infectumque reddet,
Quod fugiens ſemel hora vexit.

THERE is certainly no greater happineſs, than to be able to look back on a life uſefully and virtuouſly employed, to trace our own progreſs in exiſtence, by ſuch tokens as excite neither ſhame nor ſorrow. Life, in which nothing has been done or ſuffered to diſtinguiſh one day from another, is to him that has paſſed it, as if it had never been, except that he is conſcious how ill he has huſbanded the great depoſit of his Creator. Life, made memorable by crimes, and diverſified thro' its

ſeveral periods by wickedneſs, is indeed eaſily reviewed, but reviewed only with horror and remorſe.

The great conſideration which ought to influence us in the uſe of the preſent moment, is to ariſe from the effect, which, as well or ill applied, it muſt have upon the time to come; for though its actual exiſtence be inconceivably ſhort, yet its effects are unlimited, and there is not the ſmalleſt point of time but may extend its conſequences, either to our hurt or our advantage, through all eternity, and give us reaſon to remember it for ever, with anguiſh or exultation.

The time of life, in which memory ſeems particularly to claim predominance over the other faculties of the mind, is our declining age. It has been remarked by former writers, that old men are generally narrative, and fall eaſily into recitals of paſt tranſactions, and accounts of perſons known to them in their youth. When we approach the verge of the grave it is more eminently true;

Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam.

We have no longer any poſſibility of great viciſſitudes

ciſſitudes in our favour; the changes which are to happen in the world will come too late for our accommodation; and thoſe who have no hope before them, and to whom their preſent ſtate is painful and irkſome, muſt of neceſſity turn their thoughts back to try what retroſpect will afford. It ought, therefore, to be the care of thoſe who wiſh to paſs the laſt hours with comfort, to lay up ſuch a treaſure of pleaſing ideas, as ſhall ſupport the expenſes of that time, which is to depend wholly upon the fund already acquired.

——Petite hinc juveneſque ſeneſque
Finem animo certum, miſeriſque viatica canis.

In youth, however unhappy, we ſolace ourſelves with the hope of better fortune, and, however vicious, appeaſe our conſciences with intentions of repentance; but the time comes at laſt, in which life has no more to promiſe, in which happineſs can be drawn only from recollection, and virtue will be all that we can recollect with pleaſure.